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*"What fools these Mortals be!"*

# Puck

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*J. Keppler.*

THE POT CALLS THE KETTLE "EXTRAVAGANT."



## PUCK.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THIS is a big country, and although we are all agreed that it is not too big, and that it ought to be united and one-minded in all its length and breadth, we must not forget that great size is a great temptation to that mischievous localization of patriotic feeling for which we have had to coin the word "sectionalism." Sectionalism is a bad thing — being a good thing carried to excess, — but it is a natural tendency of the American people, and one has only to look at the map to see why. A few simple studies in comparative geography may be of service to the good people who wonder why the representatives of the various States of the Union, in Congress assembled, do not always agree together like the birds in their little nests. We may all of us find food for thought in the reflection that New York and Boston are not so near together as London and Paris; that from New York to San Francisco is as far as from Stockholm to Cairo; from New York to New Orleans as far as from St. Petersburg to Berlin; that Madrid and Marseilles are closer together than Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco, California; and that very nearly as much of the earth's surface separates San Francisco from Chicago as lies between Rome and Teheran.

In a country whose capital cities are thus scattered over half the globe, the temptation to sectionalism is comprehensible if not excusable; and it is not wonderful that an intelligent, patriotic and well-meaning native American may be ignorant of the wants and needs of a portion of his own country that lies over a thousand miles beyond his own personal horizon. The fact is regrettable, but it does not appear that we can do anything to change the conditions. It is quite inevitable that the patriotic citizen should look upon his own patch of the United States as more important to him than all the other patches put together; and it is not probable that any centralizing influence can change this state of affairs for many generations to come. The most hide-bound Briton in Manchester or Birmingham can be made to understand that, in a certain sense, all England is but a suburb of London. But the humblest settler in a Western mining town like Creede or Deadwood has dreams of founding a metropolis which may ultimately annex Chicago and New York as tributary hamlets. This abnormal growth of local patriotism has of course its good side as well as its various bad sides. This good side we see in the marvelous development of new towns, born and raised in American pluck, self-reliance and earnestness of purpose.

Of the bad sides we are only too frequently reminded — when, for instance, a representative from a mid-western state rises in Congress to ask why money should be squandered in providing a navy for the seaboard cities, or when the legislature of an Eastern State saddles its appropriation for the World's Fair at Chicago with an offensive and unnecessary condition as to the days of the week on which that exhibition shall be open to the public. But there is one bad element in our national tendency to sectionalism which does not always receive the attention it requires; and that is the encouragement it offers to the charlatan, the crank, and the social and political adventurer. Local pride has given this country many noble and useful citizens, but it has also supplied the nation far too abundantly with the sort of public men who may be best typified by the rooster great on his own dunghill and worthless off it.

It does not take a very big or a very brave rooster to build up a dunghill reputation. A bird of anything but a game strain may owe a temporary elevation to the absence or the contemptuous indifference of a bigger rooster. And, once at the top, the dunghill cock can crow as loudly as any other fowl, and may delude the occupants of neighboring barnyards into believing that he is as big as the eminence he is perched on — until a better bird calls him down. It is to sectionalism — to the unavoidable localization of public interests — that we must attribute the conspicuousness, in our political life, of the man of whom this rooster stands as the type and emblem. It is in this tendency that he finds his opportunity. By circumscribing his activities; by limiting his field of action, and putting all his work into one place, he is enabled to make the largest possible showing for abilities that may be slight enough in them-

selves. Many a man who would have but a small chance of winning a reputation if he entered into open competition with the public men of the whole country, can win an apparently disproportionate measure of success as a local "boss." We say "apparently," because he holds his position by a most uncertain tenure. He may make people believe that he is as big as the place that supports him; but he can only do it by staying where he is; and he must trust to luck that no bigger man comes along to dislodge him.

In most countries a man who seeks a statesman's fame has to get up before the entire world of public men, and measure his strength with all comers. But in these United States our system of sectional representation sometimes gives a shrewd politician the chance to make a local reputation, fairly or unfairly earned, serve to win him a brief fictitious credit with the nation at large. It is a credit that can stand him in good stead only so long as he makes no attempt to draw upon it. If he is truly shrewd, he contents himself with the empty honor. If his smartness is only shallowness, and he tries to trade on this figment of a reputation, he is likely to have to learn a lesson such as Mr. David Bennett Hill is learning to-day.

It is but a few short months since Mr. Hill was crowing defiance to the whole world from the top of his Albany dunghill. When they heard that confident crow, people in far-off regions were led to believe for a moment that Mr. Hill owned the whole State of New York — as Mr. Hill thought he did. The people of the State of New York did not think so; but it is no wonder that worthy citizens of distant commonwealths were temporarily deluded. "This man surely must own New York," they said; "has he not been Governor? Has he not made himself Senator for the State? Is not New York ready to go into the national convention and vote solidly for him as her candidate for the presidency? Of a truth he must own the State." And for a little while Mr. Hill had the credit that goes with the big name of New York. It was only for a little while. Then Mr. Hill went down to Washington to realize on his credit; and when the whole nation was requested to honor his draft, people began to make some inquiries about Mr. D. B. Hill. Then it came out that what he owned was not a state, but a machine — or, rather, a part of a machine — and that the patent on that machine was of doubtful validity. Then Mr. Hill's credit began to shrink, and shortly it bore the same proportion to his original pretensions that a small dunghill bears to a large barnyard. At latest accounts it was still shrinking — while, it is curious to note, the distance from New York to California remains the same as ever.



## A NATURAL QUESTION.

MR. LOBBY. — Voats, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Beudle, a member of our Legislature.

MR. VOATS. — Glad to meet you, sir! What corporation do you represent?



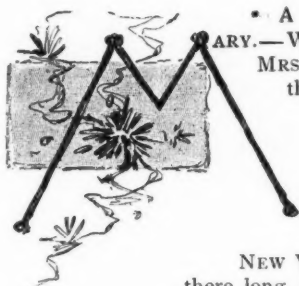
## A DIFFICULT MISSION.



**THEATRICAL MANAGER.**—Hogan, I want you to find me a man with the right face and figure to take the part of General Washington, in the tableau, in the third act, to-night.



**HOGAN (an hour later).**—Here's five av thim, sor; take yure pick!



## A HOUSE-CLEANING PROBLEM.

**MARY.**—Will them curtains do, Mum?  
**MRS. LOVEY.**—Yes, Mary; they're so clean that I don't believe any one will ever notice that they're dirty.

## A GRIP ON IT.

**CHICAGOAN (pompously).**—Do you know *why* they're going to hold the World's Fair in Chicago?

**NEW YORKER (sarcastically).**—It would n't stay there long, if they did n't!

**BRENNAN.**—I suppose every man is entitled to eat a peck of dirt before he dies.

**DRENNAN.**—That's one great advantage of living in New York.

**BRENNAN.**—What is?

**DRENNAN.**—You get enough to eat.

**THE PUBLIC** servant is as big a boss of the community as the private servant is of the kitchen.

**ALL THE WORLD** LOVES A LOVER—Especially the Proprietors of Ice-Cream Saloons.

**A LITTLE BEHIND-HAND**—The Train-bearing Page.

**ADVICE** IS all right, if we can only get enough different kinds of it to take our pick.

**REST OFTEN** so recuperates a fellow that it makes him too lazy to get to work.

**A HARVARD SENIOR** reads base-ball scores at sight.

**THE WORLD** may owe us a living; but it pays the debt in mighty small installments.

**MINISTER.**—I've seen the Sewing Society about it, and they will be all right.

**HIS WIFE.**—I never thought, dear, that I had married a genius who could square the circle.

**THE DETECTIVE** who tried to find out the difference between a man and his wife, discovered, after patiently following a clue, that it was sex.



## RARELY COURTEOUS.

**MRS. NEWFAD.**—You must meet Mr. Risibles, Margie—the great humorist. He is such a perfect gentleman. Why, do you know, he told me this evening that he never laughed at his own jokes, except as an act of politeness to himself.

## IRISH INFORMATION.

**MCTURK (anxious to catch the seven o'clock boat).**—Good morning, Mrs. Murphy. Could yez tell me the iggsact toime?

**MRS. MURPHY (promptly).**—I could, that. It's tin minutes to sivin.

**MCTURK (uneasily).**—Is it that much?

**MRS. MURPHY.**—Ur-r-r, I should say twinty minutes to sivin.

**MCTURK (relieved).**—Oh!

**MRS. MURPHY (on reflection).**—Och, phwat am I talking about?

Twinty minutes *pasht* sivin, I mane.

**MCTURK (in consternation).**—What?

**MRS. MURPHY (reassuringly).**—Well, it's aither twinty minutes *to* sivin or twinty minutes *pasht* sivin, I don't know which—for me clock's not goin'.

## OUR AMERICAN COAST DEFENCES.

**MRS. SPARROW.**—Now that the war scare is over, we can go back and live in the cannon.

**MR. SPARROW.**—Not much! I'm going to hunt up a flat where the roof does n't leak.

## PREPOSTEROUS.

**TAILOR.**—I've come in to collect the bill for your last year's Spring suit, sir.

**HOWELL GIBBON.**—Yes. But I can't wear that suit another year.

**TAILOR.**—What's that got to do with it?

**HOWELL GIBBON.**—How am I going to pay for it, when I've got to get another suit?

## NOT IN THE VERNACULAR.

**COMSTOCK.**—The French novelists have done much for the morals of the young men and women of America.

**PARKHURST.**—In heaven's name, what?

**COMSTOCK.**—Written their books in French.

## THE YOUNG JOURNALIST.

**MOTHER.**—What does my little boy mean by telling a lie?

**BOBBY.**—I did n't mean to tell a lie, but I could n't think of the truth.

**WE** MAY always expect the impecunious friend to call on us in a short time.

**THE RECORD** is the true Phoenix—you can't smash one without making another.

**THE OYSTER** is no dude. Where the R is not pronounced, he feels himself out of place.

# The Runaway Browns.

## A Story of Small Stories

By H.C. Bunner.

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### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN THE train rolled into Tunkawanna that afternoon at five o'clock, the Browns felt as if their new friends were very old friends indeed. Nine friendlier people they had never met — excepting Mr. Runyon, who traveled all the way in the baggage car; and, though he did not state his reason for this somewhat peculiar proceeding, he left them in such a frank, simple, unaffected manner that they saw clearly that he did not wish to keep them on formal terms.

As for the members of the company, it did not require more than ten minutes to establish an acquaintance with them. Mr. Slingsby not only introduced them all, but in a private chat with the Browns supplied various scraps of interesting information. "They are n't a nasty crowd to travel with," he said. "In my time, my boy, I've traveled with many a nastier. Delancey — that's that good-looking, pleasant, blue-eyed jackass in the third seat down on the other side of the car — he's playing our lead. He can't act — but then, my boy, how many leading men *can* act? That fat man with him is named Weegan. He comes from Peoria, and he thinks he's a low comedian. At 'ome — in England, you know — when I was a youngster, they used such people for clowns in pantomimes. But we've got to take the world as we find it."

"Which do you mean?" inquired Paul; "the fat man with the diamond pin in his neck-tie?"

"Great Heavens, sir!" cried Mr. Slingsby, in a tone of withering contempt; "that man?" And he pointed to the stouter of the two stout men, who was placidly nodding off to sleep. "Is it possible — is it possible that you don't know Mingies?"

"I — I —" stammered Paul.

"No, my boy," said Mr. Slingsby, in a resigned singsong; "you don't know Mingies, and you don't know *Me*. But if it was n't for Mingies, sir, I would n't be in this blooming barn-storming company. No, sir; my self-respect would n't permit it. There are just two actors in this company, my boy, and Mingies is the other one." Here Mr. Slingsby observed a troubled look on Paul's face, and hastened to add: "Understand me, my dear boy, it's an elegant company for the road. I am talking simply from an artistic standpoint. Now the *ladies*," he went on hurriedly, "the ladies are uncommonly strong. There are Miss La Tourette and Miss Obrian just in front of us," he whispered. "Young things; and they can't act much, — but who does act much nowadays, my boy? That lady with the short hair is Miss Georgie Mingies. She has n't her father's talent, but she's a fine girl — a fine girl, sir."

"And who," asked Adèle timidly, "is the elderly lady in the small hat?"

Mr. Slingsby started in genuine surprise. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "where did you two people come from?"

"Philadelphia," said Adèle.

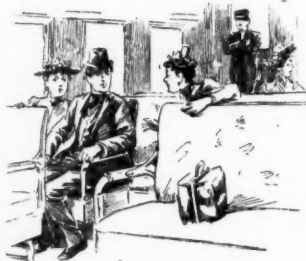
"Ah!" said Mr. Slingsby. "That lady is Mrs. Sophia Wilks, formerly of Covent Garden, London. Everybody on this broad continent, except yourselves, my children, knows her as Aunt Sophy. When I first knew that lady, sir, she was one of the most charming soubrettes in the profession, and the most beautiful woman on the English stage. That was thirty years ago, my boy. Have you a cigar about you?"

Mr. Slingsby got a cigar and went into the smoking-car to smoke it. Then Mrs. Wilks lurched across the aisle and sat down in the seat opposite the Browns.

"My dears," she said affably, "don't believe one word that that man Slingsby tells you. He's a very nice fellow, but he'll never be an actor if he lives to be as old as Methusalem. I don't say he can't play the violin; but as for acting, why, bless your souls, it ain't in the man."

"I don't understand it," said Paul to Adèle, in a moment when they happened to be left alone; "it seems none of them can act except Mr. Mingies."

"And he's asleep," said Adèle.



It had begun to rain when they reached Tunkawanna. Perhaps this is not a very accurate way of describing what had happened to the weather; for, such a sturdy, vigorous, well-established rain must have had its beginning several States off. It poured in great heavy sheets, through which they dimly descried an uninteresting town of low, brick houses, all very dirty and dingy with the smoke from the collieries, whose tall chimneys, high up on the neighboring hills, shot up flashes of deep red flames. The town of Tunkawanna, in truth, was little more than one dull, long, mean street, straggling along the edge of the broad river, whose further shore was lost in the wet darkness, out of which came the sound of its swift rushing, clearly to be heard above the roar of the rain.

Adèle slipped her hand into Paul's arm as she gazed down the dismal street.

"Oh, Paul;" she whispered, "how awfully gloomy!"

"Gloomy it is," said Mr. Slingsby, just behind them; "and not an umbrella in the 'ole crowd."

"Runyon, my dear," said Aunt Sophia cheerfully to her manager, "you are standing treat to umbrellas, I suppose, as usual?"

Adèle pressed Paul's arm, and he spoke up hastily.

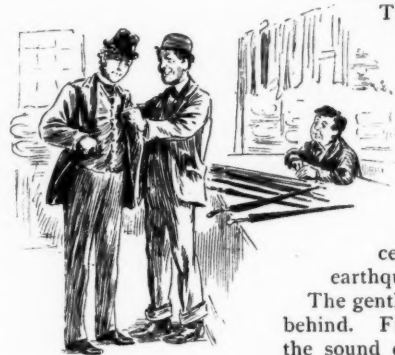
"Perhaps it would n't be convenient —," he began, "I mean — if Mr. Runyon will permit me — I'll be very happy —"

"To set up the umbrellas?" broke in Mr. Slingsby. "Ah, my boy, I knew you were a thoroughbred from the moment I laid my eyes on you. Come with me, and I'll show you an elegant establishment."

The two gentlemen dashed through the rain across the street to a little shop where a very little Hebrew boy, whose head hardly came across the counter, opened his dark and dreamy eyes astonishingly wide at receiving an order for eleven umbrellas. Then he gasped once and recovered his self-possession.

"Make it one dozen," he said, "un' I gif you a discount."

"Take him," said Mr. Slingsby, nudging Paul; "the extra one may come in 'andy."



They returned to the station, and, leaving Mr. Runyon to superintend the men who were to take the trunks to the theatre, the Aggregation started up the street, Aunt Sophy piloting the two Browns.

"I have played in this town eleven times," said she; "and every time it rained, except one, and then there was an earthquake."

The gentlemen of the company had dropped behind. From time to time Adèle missed the sound of their feet. This puzzled her a little, and after a while she looked over her shoulders. She observed that, although the four gentlemen had started with five umbrellas, they were now clustered under one. And even as she looked she saw them suddenly deviate from the straight path and disappear into one of the numerous liquor-saloons scattered along the way. When they came out they had no umbrella at all. But they wiped their mouths and turned up their coat-collars, and trudged cheerily along in the rain.

Thus they reached the Tunkawanna hotel, which was quite the smallest, darkest and dirtiest hostelry that Paul and Adèle had ever seen. Mr. Runyon had already passed them, seated on his truck-load of trunks, and at the door of the hotel they found him earnestly conversing with the proprietor. He had the proprietor by the lapel of his coat, and the proprietor was shaking his head in a stubborn sort of way. As soon as Mr. Runyon saw Paul, he hurriedly drew him aside.

"This is a peculiar sort of place, Mr. Brown," said he, "and they've got a sort of invariable rule about getting their pay in advance. I am an old friend of the proprietor's, but he says he can't break it even for me. You understand? I told him you'd see to it as soon as you came."

"Oh, certainly," said Paul.

Paul went into the office, where he paid the hotel proprietor \$8.25. The proprietor swept it into his till and shut the drawer with a loud slam. As the lock snapped, he whistled a brief and peculiar melody which Paul vaguely remembered having heard as a boy.

"What is that tune?" he inquired of the proprietor, for there seemed to him something peculiarly suggestive about it.

"Over the fence is out," said the proprietor.

### CHAPTER V.

"Dear me, Paul!" said Adèle, "I never should know this was a theatre if it was n't for the smell."

They had eaten a curious and unpleasant meal at the Tunkawanna hotel, and now they sat in a curious and unpleasant little den at the extreme rear of the Tunkawanna Opera House. They hardly knew how they had got there. They had gone through the stage door with a little shiver of delightful expectation. Then they had shivered in another way as cold



draughts had poured on them from every direction. They had felt their way through dark passages, and climbed up rickety stairs. They had rubbed against walls greasy with the touch of many hands, dusty walls, and walls coated thick with whitewash. Then, with a consciousness of being smirched and disheveled, they had emerged upon the stage of the theatre, a barn-like place where three or four men were clumsily arranging tall wooden frames covered with canvas. The canvas was splashed with great daubs of pale dull color.



"Is it really scenery, Paul?" asked Adèle.

"I am afraid it is," said Paul, vaguely discerning in the dull blots and splotches, something that seemed like a dim caricature of trees and foliage. But, oh! how disappointing it all was! How bare, how cold, how

lifeless, how dismal! All the light came from a row of gas jets on the top of what looked like an overgrown music stand, from which a long rubber pipe trailed off into the darkness. Beyond this line of light they saw a gloomy cavern with rows of empty seats, the backs of which were staring at them in an unfriendly way.

It did not seem possible that they had sat in just such seats and gazed, enraptured, on scenes of glowing color and graceful form. They both felt for the moment as if they had been cheated out of every dollar they had ever paid for going to theatres.

Then Mr. Runyon saw them, and called them up to be introduced to the proprietor of the Opera House, a very fat Jewish gentleman, Mr. Jacobs, who had little attention to pay to them, being too much employed in using unkind language to the stage-hands. They caught a few glimpses of the members of the company, who had assorted themselves among various small dens at the back of the stage, from which they occasionally came forth in progressive stages of disfigurement, their faces smeared with paint and spotted with patches of impossible hair. It was all a dreary nightmare, the more ghastly that it seemed extremely business-like, and that the two lonely Browns had no place in it. It was really a relief when Mr. Runyon, remembering their existence, hustled them into a bleak little room overhanging the rushing river, which he said was the greenroom.

"You'd better sit here a bit," he said, "and be out of the way."

They could n't help feeling that they were very much in the way.

"Paul, dear," said Adèle, "so far, I don't think the theatrical business is very nice, do you?"

Paul was looking out of the window over the river.

"It is n't very cheerful," he replied. "But, Good Gracious, Adèle! Look here!"

Adèle joined him at the window and peered with him into the darkness below.

"Why, Paul," she said, "it's Mr. Slingsby. What is he doing?"

It was Mr. Slingsby. He was standing just under the window, on the stone wall that curbed the river bank, and he was carefully examining the fastening of

a rowboat that was tossing restlessly on the swollen breast of the stream. After a moment or two he was joined by Mr. Mingies and a boy, who carried a trunk between them. They exchanged a few words in a whisper, and then they lowered the trunk into the boat, and the boy rowed off into the darkness. In a few minutes he returned, but the trunk was not in the boat. Mr. Slingsby and Mr. Mingies, who had retired into the theatre building, reappeared with another trunk, and the boy rowed it away in the same manner. Three times was this mysterious performance repeated. Then Adèle, remembering the fate of the umbrellas, cried out suddenly:

"Why, Paul, they can't be exchanging those trunks for things to drink!"



(To be continued.)

### THE INS AND OUTS OF IT.

CALLER.—Is your mistress in?

SERVANT.—No; Ma'am.

CALLER.—When will she be in?

SERVANT.—I could n't say, Ma'am; I don't know when she is going out.

### APPROPRIATE MUSIC.

BANDMASTER.—But how can I play a wedding-march? I have nothing here but military music.

MANAGER.—Oh, give 'em the double-quick—that's good enough.

### WHY SHE DID N'T BOW.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Miss Bonde did n't bow to you. Perhaps she did n't recognize you.

TOM VANDERASTOR.—Oh, yes; she did. She recognized both of us. That's the reason.

### A FATAL MALADY.

DALY RYDER (to fellow passenger).—We have a new conductor. What's gone wrong with the other?

MORRISON ESSEX.—Carried off by "spotted" fever.

### NO EXTRA CHARGE.

MR. WIREDGE.—In olden times barbers used to pull teeth, and they preserve some of the methods yet.

HERR KUTT.—Vat met'ods do t'ey breserve?

MR. WIREDGE.—They give gas.

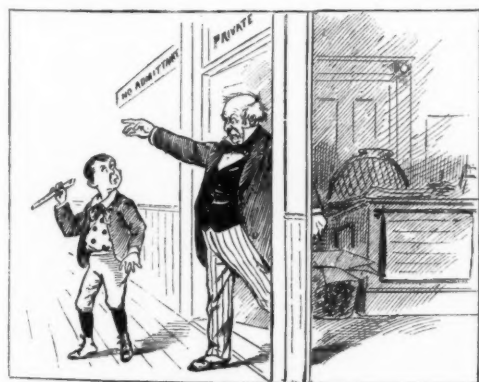
### THE LOCALITY CONSIDERED.

"Mr. Chestnut is married."

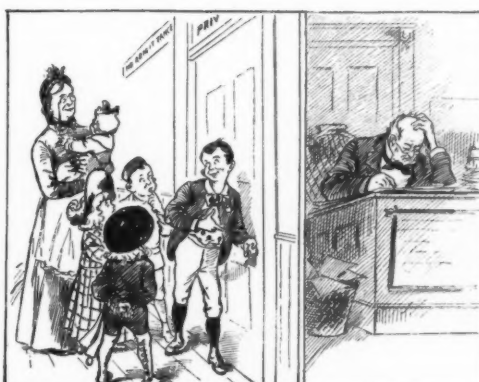
"Why, that was quite sudden, was n't it?"

"Well, suddenly for a Philadelphia man. He was engaged five months."

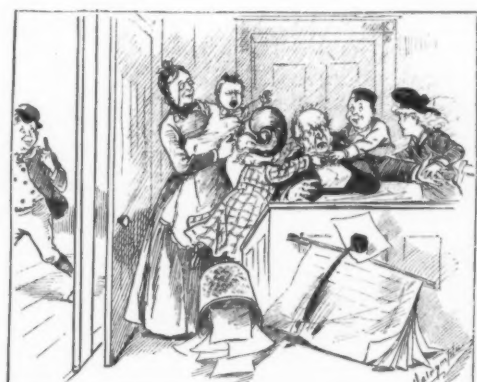
### TOMMY'S REVENGE.



THE CHILDREN'S EDITOR, "UNCLE GEORGE."—Here, you confounded young imp, you! Have n't I told you before not to blow on that tin whistle? How do you suppose I can think? The least thing upsets me. I'm through with you—your week's up to-morrow.



MRS. FONDMMOMMER.—You see, the children have been reading Uncle George's stories, and they have grown to love the dear old man so much, that nothing would do but I must bring them in to see him. TOMMY.—Certainly, Ma'am; step right inside. (Aside.) Here's where I get even.



TOMMY.—I guess my week ends right here; but I'm square with his nob's, anyhow.

## THE NEW POLITICAL DICTIONARY.



**APPORTIONMENT.**—The redistricting of a state by a legislature with a majority of the party with which we are affiliated. (See *Gerrymander*.)

**ARGUMENTS.**—The orderly setting forth of the principles of our party. (See *Rant*.)

**BRIBE.**—Money or other valuable thing paid by wirepullers of the other party for votes.

**CANDIDATE.**—Any disinterested and honest gentleman nominated for office by our party. (See *Office Seeker*.)

**CHEERS.**—Method of expressing enthusiasm adopted by adherents of our party. (See *Howls and Yells*.)

**CIRCUS.**—An enthusiastic gathering of the opposition. (See *Row, Disgraceful*.)

**CONVENTION.**—A gathering of delegates of our party to formulate a platform and to nominate candidates. (See *Mob*.)

**DEMAGOGUE.**—A prominent worker among the opposition. (See *Statesman*.)

**FAITHFUL (THE).**—Steadfast adherents to our party. (See *Hidebound*.)

**GERRYMANDER.**—The redistricting of a state by a legislature with a majority of a different political complexion from our own. (See *Apportionment*.)

**GUDGEONS.**—Persons who vote for the candidates of the opposite party.

**GUFF.**—The platform of the opposing party, spoken of as a whole. (See *Rant*.)

**HENCHMEN.**—Adherents of the other political party, particularly the workers. (See *Wirepullers and Faithful*.)

**HIDEBOUND.**—The condition of steadfast members of the other party. (See *Faithful*.)

**HOWLS.**—Enthusiastic outbursts on the part of political opponents. (See *Cheers and Yells*.)

**INDEPENDENTS.**—Members of the other party who sometimes vote for our candidates. (See *Turncoats*.)

**LASH (PARTY).**—Pressure brought to bear on adherents of the opposite party to compel them to do work to which they would be disinclined.

**LIE.**—A statement made by the speakers of the other party.

**LOG ROLLER.**—A term synonymous with wirepuller, *quod vide*.

**MOB.**—A convention of the other party. (See *Convention*.)

**OFFICE SEEKERS.**—The candidates of the opposition.

**ORGANIZATION (SPLENDID).**—The methods by which our party does its work. (See *Lash, Party*.)

**PLATFORM.**—Our party's orderly statement of principles. (See *Guff and Rant*.)

**POLITICIAN.**—A candidate of the other party. (See *Statesman*.)

**RANT.**—The jumble of excuses which stand for arguments in favor of the principles of the other party, or the guff which stands for principles. (See *Arguments and Guff*.)



## PROMENADE EN VOITURE.

**FIRST WORKMAN.**—We are to have an extra assessment this month.

**SECOND DITTO.**—What for?

**FIRST WORKMAN.**—To pay cab hire for the walking delegate.



## A LATE REPENTANCE.

**SPIRITUAL ADVISER.**—You say you have a dreadful load on your conscience—my poor friend, I trust you have not committed crime.

**SICK MAN.**—Not exactly; but for years I have been writing the "Hints On Home Decoration" for the household departments of the Sunday papers.

**ROORBACK.**—Any report set afloat by political opponents on the eve of election.

**ROW (DISGRACEFUL).**—Proceedings at a deliberative gathering of the other party. (See *Convention*.)

**SLATE.**—The cut-and-dried list of candidates arranged by leaders of the opposition for its convention to nominate. (See *Ticket*.)

**STATESMAN.**—A leader of our party. (See *Demagogue and Politician*.)

**TICKET.**—The collective nominees of our party, selected by a freely acting deliberative and representative gathering of fairly elected delegates. (See *Slate*.)

**TURNCOATS.**—Nominal adherents of our party who basely desert and vote for a candidate of the opposition. (See *Independents*.)

**WIREPULLERS.**—Workers of the other party. (See *Log Roller*.)

**YELLS.**—The disorderly enthusiasm of political opponents. (See *Cheers*.)

William Henry Siviter.



"IN BUSINESS FOR FUN."

## "NOT TO BE SPOKEN AT ALL TIMES."

**MRS. CHERRITRY.**—I hope you will never whip Dick again for lying, so long as you live.

**MR. WASHINGTON CHERRITRY.**—What's the matter now?

**MRS. CHERRITRY.**—Lizzie asked him if he did n't think her baby was pretty, and he said, "No, Aunt Lizzie, I think he is very plain-looking."

## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

**MISS BEEKUNHIL.**—Oh, yes; New York is not without its attractions; but, in my mind, of all the cities in the Union, Boston comes the nearest to perfection.

**MISS GOTHAM.**—On the principle that extremes meet?

## TOO KNOWING.

**TOM (cautiously).**—You don't think there is anything wrong in a kiss, do you?

**KITTY (promptly).**—Yes, indeed; in the only kind worth having.



## BLISS OF IGNORANCE.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—It's such a trial to have a servant who can't understand a thing I say to her.

OLD HOUSEKEEPER.—Yes; but think how unpleasant it would be if you could understand the things she says to you.

## ONLY DISCRETION.

LENA LOTOS.—Are you afraid of thunder storms?

JIM HICKEY.—Not so much as I am of snow storms.

LENA LOTOS.—And why are you afraid of snow storms?

JIM HICKEY.—Because I have to go up and shovel off the roof.

## A CAMPAIGN PROGNOSIS.

It looks to me  
As though Baby McKee  
Would be the Republican nominee.  
And that, forsooth,  
To tell the truth,  
He'd have an opponent in Baby Ruth.  
So it becomes plain,  
To the average brain,  
That we are to have a cradle campaign.

SHADE OF COLUMBUS.—This is the time we both get even.

SHADE OF SHAKSPERE.—How is that?

SHADE OF COLUMBUS.—I've had my little whack at Tom Platt, and now Ignatius Donnelly is going to run for President on a Third Party ticket.



"A POSITION OF TRUST."

FROM THE odors of Hunter's Point, one would imagine that the sportsmen had left their game there to spoil.

THEY DRAMATIZED their literature, even in the early days. Thomas Jefferson wrote "The Declaration of Independence;" Washington dramatized it.

THERE WASN'T much trouble over the Labor Problem in the days when every man was his own Walking Delegate.

COLLEGE STUDENTS should go to bed early, and avoid the rush.

ACTS BENEFICIALLY ON THE LIVER—Bacon.

IT MAY be true that "Money makes the Mare go,"—but Free Silver is not likely to help the Presidential Dark Horse.



## THE ONLY WAY OUT.

MR. NEWSOME (showing visitor through his reputed ancestral halls).—And this is the suit my great-grandfather wore when he gave up his heart's blood during the Revolution.

MISS GOTHAM (looking in vain for bullet holes or sabre rents).—Ah!—was your great-grandfather killed while in bathing, Mr. Newsome?

## "BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD, O TIME, IN YOUR FLIGHT!"

SHE.—When Miss Hopkins told you it was her birthday, were you sincere when you wished her many returns of the day?

HE.—Yes; I earnestly desired that some of the past ones might come back to her again.

## IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

A tramp may be awfully lazy, no doubt,  
Yet when he's confined in a jail  
He'll work like a beaver to dig himself out  
With only a ten-penny nail.

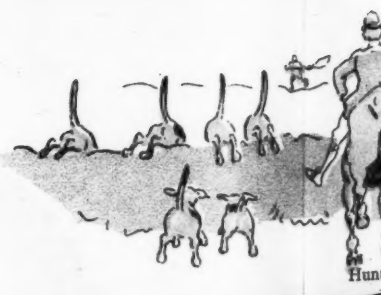
## THE DIFFERENCE.



MR. DADKINS (impatiently).—It's cry, cry, cry; all day and all night. Colic? Not much! No human being, no matter how young, would make such a fuss over a little attack of colic. It's sheer temper, I tell you!



MR. DADKINS (in the agony of cramps).—It must have—ouch!—wee!—ouch!—been those confounded cucumbers. Never mind sending for the doctor; go for the minister!



Chasing cheap titles.



At the Opera—diamonds, dresses and conversation—music no object.



Amateur Circus—Foolish but Fashionable.



The Delsarte Craze—They all do it.

# THEN AND NOW.

THE PLAIN OLD FOREFATHER MADE MONEY OUT OF THE INDIANS—THE PAMPERED DESCENDANTS MAKE MONKEYS OF THEMSELVES.





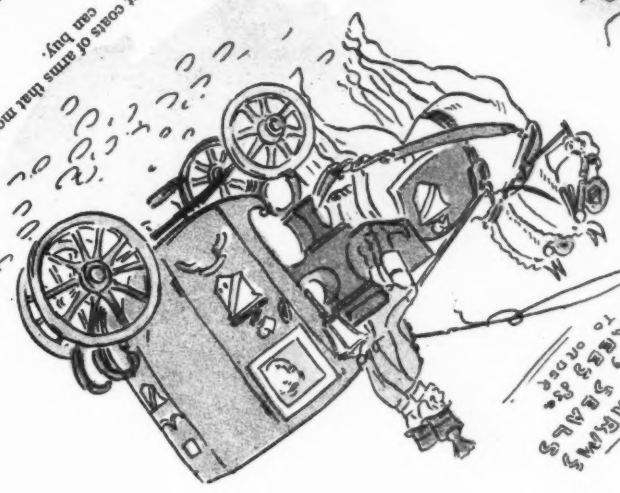
A Full Line of Ancestors—  
bought and paid for.



The smaller the dog the greater the style.

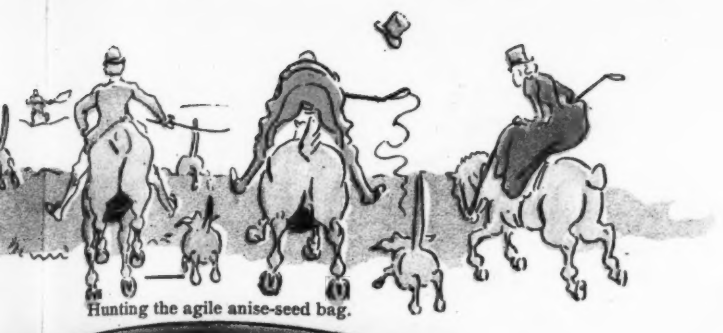


"Affairs of Honor" that make the whole  
world laugh.

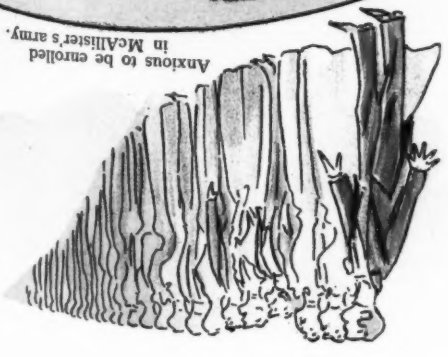


The finest coats of arms that money  
can buy.

COATS OF ARMS  
FOR SALE  
By the  
author of  
"The  
Affairs of Honor"



Hunting the agile anise-seed bag.



Anxious to be enrolled  
in McAllister's army.

## POETIC FRAUD.



WHETHER THE POET is singularly blessed in the matter of dreams, or he is guilty of a deception that should insure the prompt revocation of his poetic license. I refer to the pleasing and logically finished dreams which he professes to dream. He tells you in rhyme, that last night he sailed away in a dream o'er a deep, blue, waveless sea to a dreamland isle, covered with balsam groves and poppy fields, all bathed in a soft, mystic radiance; and there, in a wonderful woodland bower, he beheld Her beckoning to him; and the whole prospect suits him so well that he thinks he would like to remain in Dreamland forever.

Or, he alleges that

"There are times when a dream delicious,  
Steals into a musing hour,"

and carries him off in metrical rhythm to the fair Dreamland country, where the atmosphere is pale blue moonlight, variegated with a profusion of pink rainbows; and, after looking the neighborhood over thoroughly, he thinks he would like to have a fair dream-castle on yonder wondrous summit, with Love and the Dream-god to attend to things for him.

He always completes his dream without any discordant interruption, such as meeting an elevated train rolling unconcernedly along o'er the deep, blue, waveless sea, or the driver of his dream-coach, *en route* to Dreamland, getting down after the first mile and insisting that his fare shall get out and box four rounds with him before he'll budge another step. And he is never jerked from his idyllic dalliance with Her, in the Dreamland bower, into a railway train where the locomotive gets capricious and backs right through the train, sending him into the company of a large, hungry mastiff that converses with him intelligently, and chases him over the face of a rugged cliff.

Nothing absurd or insane happens to the Poet in his dream. I confess to a deep love for pie, which forms a mortifying alloy in a nature otherwise of unusual refinement; but, I have known some Poets who confessed to the same weakness, so that can not be the secret of their strange immunity from dream mishaps.

Candidly, I don't believe a word of it. I don't believe the Poet ever dreamed, except in his waking moments, of a dream-isle in a deep, blue, waveless sea, where She awaited him.

The truth of the dream business is this,—you retire at night, your mind overloaded with a thousand things—your own sins and your neighbor's, your successes and failures, your half-made plans for the morrow. Old Reason, after looking around to see that every one is in, shuts and locks the front door of the brain, and drops off to a dreamless sleep. Then the lesser, but unruly members of the mental tribe, swarm out of the side-doors and windows and play the very devil with you.

You are present at a grave surgical operation, conducted by several eminent surgeons. The subject has throat trouble, and the surgeons deftly remove his head, in order to get at the seat of the trouble. As you are looking idly on, with mild interest, while they are at work. You watch the operation a few moments, holding the head carefully. Then a feeling of *ennui* comes upon you, and you carelessly saunter down a long corridor full of interesting sights. After traveling in a perfectly straight line for some eight or ten miles, you open a door and find yourself in the operating room again. The surgeons announce to you that you have kept the head so long they can't put it back now, with any sort of



## IN FLATLAND.

BURGLAR.—Don't move; hand over your money.

"One question, please."

BURGLAR.—What is it?

"Are you the janitor, or simply the owner of the property?"

satisfaction to the party. Whereupon you discover that you have forgotten all about the head; you have left it somewhere, but don't know where. Perceiving the awkwardness of the situation, you immediately start into another dream.

It is night in a great city. You are being driven to a very swell ball. As you survey your perfect attire, you discover that you have come away barefooted. This worries you considerably at first, and you pull your trousers down to cover your feet as much as possible.

You are almost tempted to return and to get a pair of shoes.

But you finally decide that you will mingle in the thickest of the throng, and, by chatting gayly and affecting to be quite at your ease, you will prevent your bad taste being noticed.

When you have fairly entered the house, you discover the absence of some other article of apparel, without which no gentleman should appear in public—your trousers, probably—and even your gross fatuity will not permit an attempt to carry off such an oversight as that.

You make your exit in great embarrassment, and find yourself in a room where a French clock asks you insane riddles and laughs tauntingly when you can't answer them. It finally grows abusive, and comes at you so threateningly as to send you into another dream, probably of walking beside the river of Lethe with your tailor, and trying to induce him to quaff copiously of its waters.

Sometimes you retire late, after a foolishly rapid succession of mixed drinks. You go to sleep in a foreign language, as it were, and, toward morning, dream that you have been dropped into a deep well. You are not alarmed, because you feel thirsty enough to drink all the water. You open your lips to the cool, delicious fluid, and wonder, dreamily, if there are any more wells right around there.

But you can't seem to relieve your thirst. The maddening attempt continues until you awaken. Then you make a prompt dash for the water pitcher, and realize what a blessing water is.

H. L. Wilson.

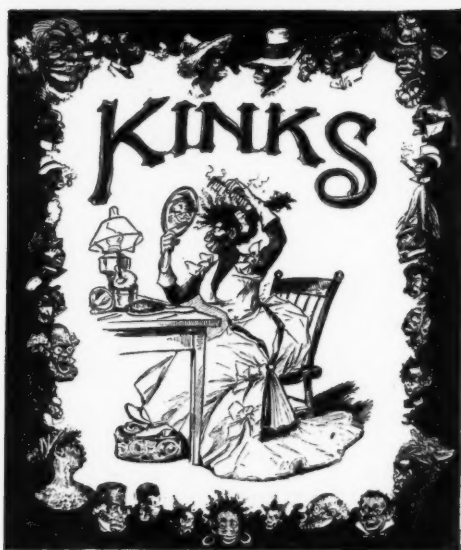


## THE EMERGENCY PROVIDED FOR.

JENNIE.—But you can't support a wife on twelve dollars a week, George.

GEORGE.—True, darling; but our firm always raises its men to twelve dollars and a half when they get married.





Being Puck's Best Things About The Woolly Ethiop,  
or send 10 cents for a copy to PUCK, N. Y.



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ASK YOUR FURNISHER FOR IT.

If he does not keep it send to us and we will mail sample pair.  
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PAT. DEC. 30, '90

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No. 5x holds \$4.00 in silver.....	\$.30	\$.50	\$.75
" 4x " 6.00 " " .....	.40	.75	1.00
" 3x " 10.00 " " .....	.50	.90	1.25
" 2x " 15.00 " " .....	.65	1.25	1.75

Patentee and Sole Man'f, James S. Topham, 1331 Penn. Ave. N. W.,  
Washington, D. C. 487



PAT. DEC. 30, '90

#### BOUDOIR GENERALSHIP.

JANE.—That Mr. Shallopate is at the door. Shall I tell him that you are engaged?

MISS PINKLE.—Show him into the parlor, Jane.

"Yes'm."

"And Jane, after he lays his box of candy on the mantel-piece, tell him I am out."—*New York Weekly.*

#### A DISCOVERY.

"I know why emigration is always toward the West."

"Why?"

"Because the earth rotates toward the East, and the people try to keep on top."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"This is worth following up," as the dog said to himself when he saw the coon up a tree.—*Chicago Blade.*

Lord Coleridge writes: "Send me fifteen dozen Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Wine."

"I tried it while here and find it superior."

STILL another collection of short stories is "Mavericks," in which are given nearly a score of brief tales, humorous or fantastic, contributed by several authors to PUCK. The volume is just the one to be taken up at any time for a few minutes, laughed over and laid down to be taken up again and again. It is handsomely printed and all the original illustrations are reproduced. It is published at the PUCK office.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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MAKERS.

#### NOT USED TO IT.

BOSTON LADY (arriving in Philadelphia).—I wish to engage a guide.

POLICEMAN.—The streets of this city are laid out just like a checker-board, Madam.

BOSTON LADY.—Yes; that's what confuses me.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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OF CHEWING GUM.  
A DELICIOUS

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FOR ALL FORMS OF  
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physical benefit. A whole-  
some, refreshing, appetizing,  
thirst quenching drink.

One package makes five gallons.

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of larger profit, tells you some other kind  
is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation  
is as good as the genuine Hires'.



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are to the eye, an ear spectacle. Write for particulars.  
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LABEL,

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They are always straight and pure, which can not be said of all other liquors. The motto of Anheuser-Busch in buying brew material,  
"Not how cheap, but how good," has built up their business from a small beginning to the most extensive in the world.

### A DISAPPOINTMENT.

MRS. STRUCKILE.—Did ye meet the Queen  
while you were abroad, Mrs. McShoddie?

MRS. MCSHODDIE.—No, I did n't; and I was  
real sorry, too. I wanted to get her recipe for  
English plum puddin'.—*New York Weekly.*

### TO FIT THE CRIME.

"Mr. Newcome," inquired the city editor,  
"did you write this article in which the state-  
ment is made that 'K. K. Perkinson suicided  
yesterday afternoon'?"

"Yes, sir," answered the new man on the  
local staff.

"H'm!" rejoined the city editor, blandly.  
"Mr. Newcome, you will please consider your-  
self 'resignationed.'"—*Chicago Tribune.*

### A FOREIGNER.

MR. VONDERKASE.—Vy you gall me a for-  
eigner, eh? I no more foreigner dan yourselfs.

MR. MCCORK.—Hear th' shpalpeen! Any  
one moight think he 'd been born in Oirland.  
—*New York Weekly.*

### False Economy

Is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of  
food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants  
are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the  
Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best  
infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

The genuine Angostura Bitters cure indigestion and restore the  
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stock to properly age the wine before drawing it off into bottles.  
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ronized by the most prominent hospitals of New York, Brooklyn,  
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Professor of Chemistry and Physics, College City of New York.

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Convenience  
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Address, THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.

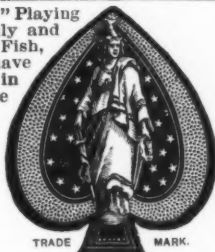
THE city editor who kills the reporters' "copy" ought to know a good deal about literary finish.—*Chicago Blade.*

"SPORTSMAN'S" is one of forty brands of "UNITED STATES" Playing Cards. They are made from linen stock, are double enameled, highly and evenly finished, and have beautiful and appropriate backs—Deer, Dog, Fish, Pheasant, etc. The cards are very elastic, gauged to thickness, and have unusual dealing and wearing qualities. They are in constant use in sportsmen's clubs everywhere and no outfit is considered complete without a dozen packs.

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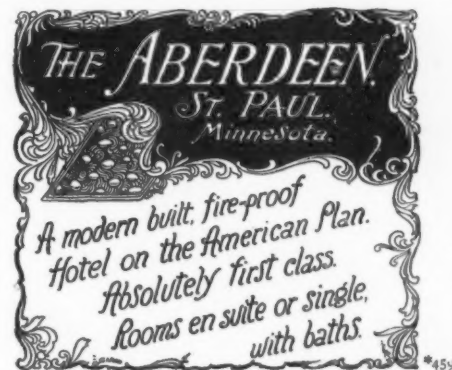
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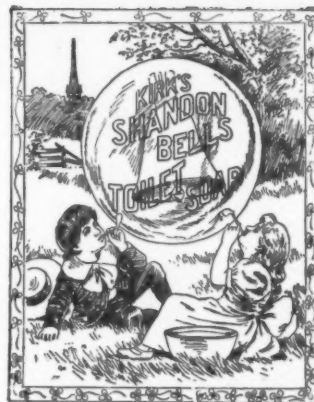
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